

Afternoon Jaunt

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****Disclaimer: I do not own Fairy Tail.****

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><p>AN: I'll save the longer AN for the end but pls know this is a part of a larger WIP. It works well as a one-shot tho and these girls are adorable and the world can always use more Chendy so, enjoy!<p>

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><p>Chelia ducked under a ledge, clamping her hands over her mouth in an attempt to stifle her giggles. Furious footsteps pounded through the courtyard behind her and Chelia curled up tighter.<p>

"Mistress Chelia? Mistress Chelia! Oh, do come out, Master Jura will be furious if you're not at your lesson on time."

Chelia snorted and immediately hid her face in her knees, hoping Brother Lyon didn't hear that. She didn't uncurl until Brother Lyon's footsteps sounded farther away but, she was still hesitant to move. Chelia looked longingly at the bushes dotting the courtyard corners

and the tall fountain bubbling in the center, mentally smacking herself. Her current position was horrible for hiding from overbearing superiors.

"_Psst_."

Chelia jumped, looking frantically to her left and right. She frowned at the bare walls and peered at the bushes, wondering if someone else was hiding around here. _Whoâ€|_

"_Psst, _Chelia! Up here!"

Chelia jumped and looked over her shoulder. She craned her neck awkwardly and squinted against the noonday sun. Something moved out of the corner of her eye and Chelia snapped her head around to see that Wendy had somehow squished herself into the sculpted archway. Chelia gaped at her and the way her toes were jammed into cracks and her fingers barely clinging to the window's ridges, the girl looking like she was about to fall any second now.

"What are you _doing _Wendy, you're going to fall!"

Chelia's shout echoed faintly down the open corridor behind her and she gasped, clamping her hands back over her mouth and throwing herself below the ledge again.

Wendy laughed from above her. A small _thump_ came from above her head before two dirty feet landed in front of her. Chelia looked up to Wendy grinning, her eyes bright, and Wendy held her hand out. "No worries, Lyon's gone and everyone respectable isn't out right now."

Chelia rolled her eyes and grabbed Wendy's hand. "Thanks," she muttered after Wendy helped her up, smacking the backs of her legs to hopefully get most of the dirt off her skirt. The red, clay-like soil clung stubbornly to the white cloth and Chelia sighed. "Now Master Jura's gonna know I've been up to no good."

Wendy laughed helped clean her back. "Nah, Lyon's gonna go tattle much sooner than Mr. Jura will check your laundry." Wendy grinned at Chelia's pout and linked their arms together. "So, _Mistress Chelia_, what trouble do you want to get into today?"

Chelia huffed at her title but eagerly followed Wendy to the other side of the courtyard. The sun bore down on the back of her neck and Chelia flipped her scarf up, memories of her last sunburn flitting through her mind. "So long as it's away from here, I don't care."

Wendy pouted. "Aww, come on, that's nothing for me to-_eep_."

Chelia just barely managed to slip her arm from Wendy's as the other girl tumbled to the ground. She raised her eyebrows and looked down, snorting at Wendy's toe caught in between two flagstones. She grabbed Wendy's hands and pulled her up, instantly doing a quick pat down to make sure she was okay. "How can you climb smooth walls and impossibly high cliffs without a problem but you trip over small cracks on flat ground?"

Wendy huffed and tugged on Chelia's wrist. Chelia batted her hand

away and brushed off Wendy's pants, frowning at the small tears along her knees and too high hem. Maybe Brother Lyon still had some of his old clothes that she could snatch?

Wendy laughed and pulled Chelia up. "Honestly, I'm fine!" She grinned impishly. "Like you said, I trip all the time." Wendy cocked her head to the side before tugging Chelia to the west courtyard wall. "Guards are coming," she warned, already grabbing at impossible ledges. "You can climb fairly well now, right?"

Chelia nodded. She kicked off her stiff sandals, barely flinching at the hot rocks beneath her feet, and hid her sandals in a little gap she had made in the biggest bush last week. She tucked and folded her skirt like Master Jura does when he's preparing to fight before climbing up after Wendy. The fact that she only slipped twice made her beam with pride at her growing abilities.

Wendy helped Chelia up onto the top of the thick wall, keeping their fingers intertwined for balance on the windy ledge. Chelia followed Wendy as they scurried away from the courtyard, frowning at the fact that the two of them could slip away like this so easily. No matter how convenient climbing walls and walking on roofs were for her to escape with Wendy, that also meant someone unwanted could get _in_â€|

_Someday...someday they'd __**have**_ _to listen to her concernsâ€|_

A light touch to her arm brought Chelia out of her musings. Chelia paused to frown at Wendy's dark hand, the ebony skin riddled with calluses and faint scars. She curled her hands into her long sleeves, her fingers smooth and soft against each other.

Wendy gently shook her shoulder again, smiling when Chelia met her gaze. "You're thinking too hard." Wendy gestured towards the outer village and swept her hands towards the mountains. "Where do you want to go?"

Anywhere...anywhere but here.

Chelia shrugged. "I haven't seen your brothers in a while."

Wendy clapped her hands together, her teeth flashing as her grin grew. "Oh yes, this will be so much fun!" Wendy grabbed her hand again and started towards the Outer West Wall, a new bounce in her step. (Chelia half worried she'd trip. It was a much longer fall from here after all.) "Natsu's doing errands for Porlyusica again 'cause he destroyed her garden and Gajeel's cooking so the food will be fresh. Sting and Rogue will be home too. Oh! Laxus is visiting today and-"

Chelia grinned at the back of Wendy's head as her enthusiastic chatter washed over her. The wind picked up and blew through Wendy's long blue hair, the strands twisting and curling in a way that guaranteed knots. The two girls quieted as they neared one of the four turrets, cautiously ducking under the small windows in case one of the guards decided to actually do their job that day. They easily slid around it, the thick ledges providing ample toe room for scooting around the feature despite the hot, almost blinding limestone. They crouched in the small shadow of the turret along the

Outer West Wall and blinked to readjust their eyes, the hustle and bustle of the market below rising upwards.

After they had blinked the spots out of their eyes, Wendy shot Chelia a delighted grin and jumped off the wall. Chelia almost laughed at the way Wendy nimbly caught the edges of colorful awnings slow her descent, her touches light and quick so that she looked like a part of the wind itself. Wendy slid carefully on one of the market tents and shifted off it to the side so that she landed in one of the market's makeshift alleys. She waved to Chelia, bouncing on her heels, and her smile was big enough that Chelia could see it even from on top of the huge walls. She tensed to jump but hesitated, small voices (ones that sounded suspiciously like Master Jura) whispered about responsibilities at the back of her head.

"Chelia?"

Chelia blinked down at Wendy. Her smile had slipped off her face, the small girl still bouncing on the balls of her feet. The wind blew against Chelia's back, making the marketplace awnings ripple and the dust swirl. Wendy never flinched, merely cocking her head to the side. The wind blew again, whispering promises of freedom.

She jumped, beaming as she fell.

Master Jura would be furious but, Chelia wouldn't trade her stolen adventures with Wendy for anything in the world.

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><p>As I mentioned earlier, this is a scene from a much much larger WIP. I actually really want to do that story, I really like it, but I just... I haven't touched Fairy Tail in over six months. I honestly get sick while thinking of it (lbr, Mashima seriously fucked it up a while ago and he's just making it worse). I do want to write this fic, esp since I have pieces written out and a lot of it planned but, so long as I can't think of FT without feeling sick, it's not going to happen. Idk when that will happen (it's gonna happen eventually, I'll eventually be far away enough from FT canon that I won't feel sick thinking about it, I just don't know _when_) but when it does, I'll happily come back to this.

I hope everyone enjoyed this, feedback is much appreciated
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End
file.